Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete Smoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, heere's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome Riddle, come, thy *Lennoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lennoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lennoy*, no *lennoy*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan:

Ar. By vertue thou enforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought, my ſpleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the vnconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for a *ſalue?*

Page. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, , is not *lennoy* a *ſalue?*

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make plaine,
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my *lennoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were ſtill at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lennoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more:

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a Bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:

Let

Let me ſee a fat *Lennoy*, I that's a fa

Ar. Come hither, come hither
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* wa
Then cal'd you for the *Lennoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lennoy*, the Go
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there

Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.

Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it
I will ſpeake that *Lennoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafel
Fell ouer the threſhold, and broke

Arm. We will talke no more of t

Clow. Till there be more matter i

Arm. Sirra *Coſtard* I will infran

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Fra*
ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoule, I mea
Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou we
tiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you wi
me looſe.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, fe
lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing
cant to the Countrey Maide *Iaquene*
for the beſt ward of my honours is
Moth, follow.

Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adiew.

Clow. My ſweet ounce of mans fle
will I looke to his remuneration. Rem
tine word for three farthings: three fa
the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile
Why? It carries it remuneration: W
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3